

Admiral B—G in HORRORS

At the Appearance of the Unhappy SOULS, who was Kill'd in the Engagement crying for Revenge

Britons, what unat-
ton'd Offence
haunts your unprof-
p'rous Race?
See him you sent
with Honours hence
returning with dis-
grace.
Methinks upon the
Vessels side
I see your Pris'ner
stand,
Cursing both wind
and bark, and tide
That bear him to
the Land
This heart (he cries)
these horrors shew
the weakness of my
cause,
Who fears to meet
his Country's Foe.
must tremble at her
Laws
Then with what face
shall I appear,
before her Judg-
ment seat,
Ev'n now they shout
around my Bier,
that flames in ev'ry
street.
Like *Abdiel*, 'midst
corruption found
See mangled *Nowel*
stands;
Look! *Andrew's*
shews his deadly
Wound,
And Blood for
Blood demands.
Bl—y with a



scornful Frown,
Points to the secret
Port,
There bids me set
my Succours down,
And save the waf-
ting Fort.
Bl—y, to that im-
portant Pass
To well I know
to steer,
But neither I nor
they, alas?
Had Hearts to ven-
ture near.
Hah? do I wake?
or are my Eyes
By their own Fears
betray'd?
See you pale angry
Spectre rise,
My Father's awful
Shade.
Shame to my blood.
I shake, I swoon,
I die upon the
Sight,
Oh sink, my bark:
sink instant down,
And bury me in
Night.
This, the sad fat of
B—g's late Brother
prov'd.
Who died with
grief for him, he
could not love
And with a brother's
Eye behold the scorn
Of crowds insulting
as to th' *Dungeo*
corn.

AS late one Night our worthless A—I sat,
Full of Reflections, on his impending fate,
A dismal Group of Figures met his Eyes,
Which fill'd His Guilty Soul with strange surprize,
With Horror in his Looks, to them He spoke,—
What means your Haunting me, with Threat'ning looks
Since I have but Obey'd the firm dictate,
Of such who—the State.
An angry Spectre, cover'd with blood, then said,
At our Apperance, you well may be dismay'd,
Since by your Treachery and Cowardice,
We lost our Lives, and they, by whose advice
We were abandon'd to the Foe, shall bleed.
As well as you, who dar'd to do the Deed,
That they had Order'd, they with you shall die,
As Traytors to your injur'd Country.

Your Cowardly C—s, who in Council sat,
Agreed to leave Old BLAKENEY to His Fate,
Shall meet their deserved Fortune in a Ring,
And Curse the Hour they e'er knew Cowardly B—g
BRITANIA calls for Vengeance on thy Head,
Nor shall thou find Justice this Land has fled,
Her Sword is sharp, Thou surely shall it feel
To satisfy our KING, and common Weal,
When lo! another Spectre then appear'd
Whose grimly, bloody looks, made Him afraid,
See There! the FRENCH in Fort St. Phillips are,
Poss't of That, --To all True BRITONS dear,
Thy Villany hath dishonour'd the British Nation,
Since Thou hast Acted false, in Thy High station,
Thy blood must make Attonement for Thy Crime,
Thy Name shall always stink in AFTER TIME.